

*Diane Wilson*

# STORY and SEAT-WORK

## WITH

# PATTERNS

ICAL

BY  
MARY ELEANOR ROSS



IDEAL SCHOOL SUPPLY COMPANY  
CHICAGO

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### INTRODUCTORY

The purpose of this book is to give to teachers of primary grades suitable and systematic work for little minds and little hands.

It has been truthfully said that the minds and hands of little folks must be occupied. If we lead the child aright and provide it with proper occupation for its natural activities, we shall not have to complain of its mischievous tendencies.

The stories, poems, patterns and sketches in this little volume have been used successfully for several terms in my school work with little people.

Realizing how much easier my work along this line was after being systematically arranged, I compiled this with a heart full of love for fellow teachers and the little ones under their supervision.

In conclusion, I hope that after using what I have so joyfully planned, the words of Henry Sabin may come back to me from the lips of many: "Blessed is he who knoweth the secret paths which lead to the conscience of the child; for him the gates of peace shall swing on golden hinges, and the ending of his life shall be like the ceasing of exquisite music."

M. E. R.

## EXPLANATION

**Patterns.**—The patterns that accompany the book are to be cut out as directed on the envelope containing them.

It is a good plan for the teacher to make a number of duplicates of each pattern as needed for use, preserving the original for her own use in future. For a large class, one-half as many patterns as pupils are sufficient, such classes being usually handled in two sections. It is convenient to have a box with label for each set of duplicate patterns.

Study subject and patterns for the month as given in book. Then place the patterns to be used in a convenient place where children, when required work of other kinds has been completed, can obtain them. Allow much freedom in their use. Children can develop many good things from them without the teacher's assistance.

Only two or three patterns are given for any month's work, but a variety of ways are suggested for the use of each pattern, so that the children need not tire of them. Many other ways than those suggested for using the patterns will suggest themselves to the teacher.

Never allow the patterns to be used before the story and language work which they illustrate is taken up. Much of the value in their use lies in the correlation of the seat work with the instruction, and much of the interest in both is lost if they are used separately. However, any or all the patterns that have been regularly used as suggested can be used by the children again and again to their advantage.

**Poems.**—The little verses and poems should be learned and repeated often by the pupils, both individually and in concert.

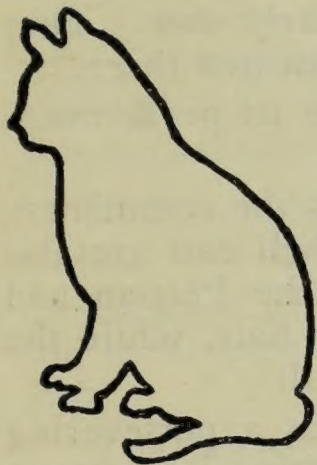
**Language Work.**—The language exercises and stories, to be of most value, should be given to the children orally, and preferably in the teacher's own language, as the teacher's personality has much to do with their interest and usefulness. Many of the longer stories are better given in several sections, each of which should be retold many times by individual pupils, for the purpose of developing oral expression, a most important part of primary teaching. Children greatly enjoy telling these stories.

**Blackboard Reading Lessons.**—These may be given with much interest following the language lessons, and may be copied by the pupils as a writing lesson, or built by them with letter cards before erasing.

The blackboard lessons are merely suggestive. Many others may be made by the teacher to meet the demands of the class.

# STORY AND SEAT-WORK

## SEPTEMBER



### OUR KITTY

Children cut from paper, and color, yellow or black. Paste at top of paper and copy following verse from board after learning it by heart.

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“TELL ME, LITTLE PAPER CAT!”

“Tell me, little paper cat,  
What you sit there looking at?  
There’s no cause to feel alarm,  
Paper dogs can do no harm!  
Surely you can fear no noise  
From a row of paper boys,  
Or from little paper girls  
With their hair in paper curls!  
They can’t even call out ‘Scat!’  
Look more pleasant, paper cat!”  
(Little Rhymes for Little People.)

## THE DOMESTIC CAT

It is said that cats first came from Syria. There were many in Egypt, also, at an early date. They are known to have been first domesticated there.

Few animals are as familiar to us or as much beloved.

Perhaps the maltese "Tabby" is the commonest, but the black, white and tortoise shell cats are also well known to all. The Angora, the Persian and Manx are covered with long, silky hair, while the Manx cat is peculiar in having no tail.

The cat is known and valued as a persevering mouse-hunter. This passion for hunting is so strong in the cat that it is not always satisfied with mice, but finds much pleasure in catching and killing birds and little chickens.

Its desire for food often makes it a nuisance, by leading it to get upon dining tables and cupboard shelves to help itself to good things not intended for its use.

The female cat seems to be in a special sense a born mother. She never neglects her own young and is perfectly willing to act as foster mother to alien offspring. Cats have been known to mother squirrels, dogs, cats and even chickens and small birds.

It is remarkable how far cats can travel without becoming tired and how readily they find their way over ground unfamiliar to them.

Once there was a cat who did not like her new home. So she went back to her old one. In going there she had to cross two rivers, one of which was eighty feet broad and two feet and a half deep, and with a strong current. The other one was still wider and with a stronger current. How she accomplished this remarkable journey we can only guess.

Fish is a favorite food of cats. This seems rather strange since cats have a great dislike for water.

Cats are very playful. Every one enjoys watching them play with suspended strings and balls of yarn.

The intelligence of the cat is quite remarkable. Once a lady had as pets a cat and a canary bird. They were the most devoted of friends and spent much of the time together.

One day a strange cat entered the room where the pet cat and canary were. The pet cat gave a loud growl, seized her little playmate in her mouth and ran to a place of safety.

The cat has five toes on her fore feet and four toes on her hind feet. Each toe has a sharp claw, which is like a small hook. She can hold fast to anything she seizes with them, and with their aid she is able to climb very rapidly.

The claws of the hind feet are not as sharp as those of the fore feet. They are not used to catch mice. Each claw is kept in a sheath. The cat can push it in and out when she pleases.

Her teeth are made to seize her prey, and to hold it fast. Her front teeth are long and sharp.

A cat sleeps a great deal in the day time, and is very lively at night. In the darkness she can catch animals which hide in their holes during the day. Her eyes help her to hunt by night. The pupils of her eyes become large and round to take in all the light there is.

In the day the pupils of her eyes are narrow slits. They are then almost closed to keep out the bright light.

Her whiskers also seem to help her in finding her way. Any opening through which she can put her head and whiskers easily, will permit her entire body to pass.

Altogether, the cat is a very interesting animal for us to watch and study, and from her we learn much about her big cousins, the lion and the tiger.

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## PUSS IN BOOTS

Once upon a time there was a miller who had three sons and a pet cat which he loved very much.

When this miller died he left his mill, his house and all his money to the two older sons, but to the younger he left nothing but the cat.

After the funeral of their father, when the older sons found that they were very rich and that their brother had nothing but the cat, they treated him

badly. They threw the cat at him saying, "Here take your old cat and be off. We don't want any beggars hanging around our mill."

The poor young brother with his cat went down and stood by the mill dam. He petted his cat and said over and over again, "Poor Puss, Poor Puss! We have both lost a good master, and have no home and nothing in the world but each other."

Puss licked the boy's fingers, rubbed her soft fur against him and then something quite wonderful happened. The cat began to talk. She said very plainly, "I will make your fortune, if you will give me a pair of new boots." At this the boy was much astonished and quickly dried his tears, exclaiming, "A pair of boots!" He could not understand; it was too wonderful to think that his ordinary, every-day cat had spoken in human words.

He left Puss sitting in a tree while he ran off to the village shoemaker to get the pair of boots for her. They were new, bright and pretty, coming up well on the cat's hind legs and turning over in a bright splash of fine red leather at the top.

Puss put on the boots and ran off to the woods. She set traps and snares, and then lay down in the thicket to watch what would happen. When night came on many birds and wild animals were caught in these snares. In the morning Puss gathered these together, threw them over her shoulder and in these wonderful boots traveled at a rapid rate across country to the King's palace.

When she went into the King's presence she bowed very low and said, "May it please your royal highness, I have brought you some game which my master sends you as a token of his love."

"Your master! Who is he?" asked the king.

"The Marquis of Carabas, sir," said Puss.

"Tell your master that I thank him," said the king. Puss with a very low bow took her leave and went proudly home.

Every day for several months, Puss carried game to the king as a gift from her master. One day she heard that the king and his daughters were going for a drive along the road by the river. She ran to her master and said, "I have a great secret to tell you."

"What is that?" asked her master.

"Well," said the cat, "all the land on both sides of the river belongs to you, but years and years ago a wicked ogre cheated your great-grandfather out of it and has held it to this day."

"But how am I to get it?" asked his master.

"Do as I say," said the cat, "and all will go well. All you will have to do is to go and bathe in the river, and I shall manage the rest."

The young man found it hard to believe a word the cat had said, still he did not like to refuse his pet. So he went for a bath in the river.

Soon the king with his daughters came driving along the road by the river. They heard, "Help! help! The Marquis of Carabas is in the river, and will drown if he doesn't get help. Save him! Save him!"

When the king saw the cat and heard her cries, he knew her to be the very same pussy that had brought him the game, so he ordered his men to pull the Marquis from the water. On learning from the cat that a thief had taken the Marquis' clothes while he was in the water, the king straightway sent to the palace for some fine new clothes for him.

When the young man put on these pretty, bright clothes, he looked quite fine and every inch a Marquis. The king invited him to ride with his daughters and himself in his carriage. This was just what the cat wished, and in her glee she ran along the road far in advance of the carriage.

All along the road were large meadows in which men were mowing hay, and fine wheat fields where reapers were busy at work. These workmen and all others along the road and those on guard at the castle gate, Puss warned to tell the king that the land and all it contained belonged to the Marquis of Carabas, and told them that if they failed to do so something dreadful would befall them.

So when the king came by and inquired of them to whom all this land belonged, he was answered in one voice and without hesitation, "To the Marquis of Carabás, Sir."

The king was astonished at hearing this, but at the same time was well pleased with this rich young man, and offered him his prettiest and youngest daughter as a wife.

The castle of the wicked ogre, who possessed all this land, was very fine, and stood on the top of a high hill. This ogre was a magician and could change himself into any form that he wished.

When Puss reached the castle gate, and word went up to the ogre that a cat in boots wished to see him, the old ogre gave a horrible laugh and said, "Let her come up, but she will soon see that she won't go down again."

When Puss saw the ogre she was surprised to see so savage a monster.

She walked up to him and said, "Sir Ogre, I have heard that you can change yourself into all sorts of animals, even into a lion or an elephant, but there are some people who do not believe it."

It made the ogre angry to think people would not believe he could do such things, so he at once changed himself into a lion, which nearly frightened poor Puss to death. Next he changed himself into an elephant.

Puss said, "It looks very easy for you to turn yourself into these big animals, but it must be ever so much harder to change into something small like a mouse. Some people say you can't do that."

"Pshaw!" said the ogre, "one is as easy to do as the other." The next minute he had changed himself into a mouse and was running back and forth on the floor.

Like a flash, Puss was upon him with teeth and claws, and that was the last of the ogre.

The young man, the king and his daughters drove up to the castle a short while after.

Every one in waiting announced that this fine castle belonged to the Marquis of Carabas.

The poor young man was now in fact a real Marquis, possessing much land and many riches, and all through the love and cunning of a Puss-in-boots.

The Marquis married the king's pretty daughter, and they lived happily in the grand castle on the hill.

They did all they could for the comfort and happiness of Puss, and she never caught any more mice except for fun.

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## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

This is my big black cat.

Feel his soft fur.

He says "me-ow."

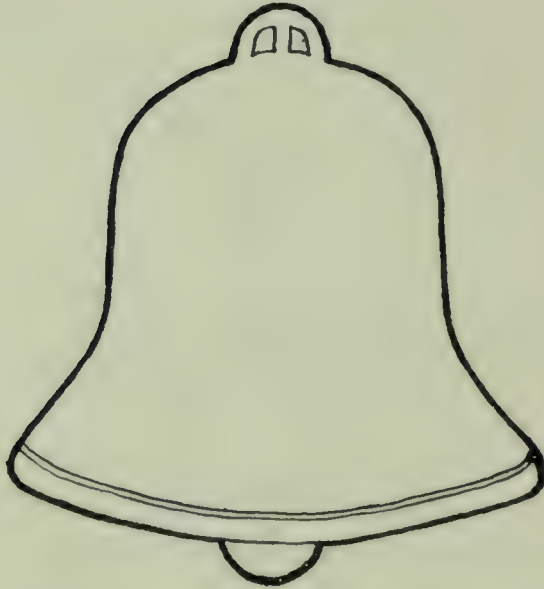
He likes fish and mice.

He likes to lap milk, too.

I will roll the ball to Puss.

I will make Puss a pair of red top boots.

## THE BELL



Draw on colored paper or cardboard, punch and sew.

Make books with covers of colored bells and pages of white note paper. Use to write spelling, memory gems or Christmas wishes. From woolen scraps make needle books and pen wipers of bell shape as presents for mothers and fathers.

Each pupil should have a box or large envelope with his name upon it, in which to put the different things he makes. These should be left at the school until needed. He may take home Christmas bells the afternoon of the day preceding the holidays.

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## MEMORY VERSE

Ring, ye bells, from out the steeple,  
Sound a joyous lay;  
Telling unto all the people,  
"Christ is born to-day."

## ABOUT BELLS

A great many years ago bells were used to tell the time, as most people had neither clocks nor watches. They would go to their work in the morning by the ringing of a bell, and stop at noon for dinner and a rest by its musical sound.

In England bells are rung every evening at eight o'clock. These evening bells are called curfew bells.

The ringing of these bells in the evening was begun about eight hundred years ago, and at their ringing all lights and fires were put out. This was done to avoid danger of fire during the night.

Bells are rung at the present time, but fires and lights are not put out as they were formerly.

Moscow, Russia, has the largest bell in the world. This great bell is over twenty-one feet high.

In Pekin, China, there is a very large bell weighing sixty tons.

Old Liberty bell once hung in the high tower above the State House in Philadelphia. On the fourth of July, 1776, it rang out American Independence. It has a big crack in it and is never used now, but has been sent to different parts of the country during expositions, for the people to see.

Sets of bells in the church steeples of Holland and some other countries are made to play very lively airs. They have a keyboard something like a piano, and people are delighted with the charming airs which peal forth.

## THE BELL OF JUSTICE

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy the king had a bell hung in a tower in one of the public squares. He called it "the Bell of Justice."

He issued the command that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

In the course of time the lower end of the bell rope rotted away. A wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it.

One day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out into the world to die, wandered to the tower.

He was almost starved and in his search for food came across this vine rope. He began to eat it and in doing so caused the bell to ring.

When the magistrate came to see who had rung the bell, he found this old starving horse chewing at the vine.

The magistrate caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled so faithfully and long, to be summoned before him.

He decreed that as this horse had rung the Bell of Justice, he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his master should provide for him a good stable and proper food and drink.

Was not this a good use of the Bell of Justice?

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Many years ago people did not have clocks and watches.

They told time by the ringing of bells.

Curfew bells were rung in England.

At their ringing, fires and lights were put out.

We all love our Liberty bell.

It rang out American Independence.

It has now a big crack in it.

We would like to hear the chiming bells of Holland.

Little Dutch children like to hear their sweet music.

A poor old horse rang "the Bell of Justice."

This horse lived in Italy.

His cruel master had worn him out  
with hard work.

Then he drove him out to starve,

But his master was made to care for  
him so long as he lived.

So the poor horse received justice.

OCTOBER

## THE JOLLY BEAR



Cut four from colored flannels, fasten at top of head with sewing yarn, use as pen wipers and needle books. Cut from wrapping paper, place problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division on the body. The child that answers the most problems correctly shoots the greatest number of bears.

Cut from gray manila paper; use sand table as miniature forest by putting small twigs and the bears on it.

Trace, punch and sew on cardboard. Each pupil can make a "Teddy" for himself.

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"In foreign lands the jungle bears  
Eat each other, so 'tis said;  
But here we eat our candy bears—  
From candy tail to head."

## ABOUT BEARS

Few animals are more clumsy and awkward looking than bears. They shuffle along with a waddling, though often rapid gait.

Bears have a long snout almost like a pig's. Their fur is long, shaggy and dull.

The brown bear is found in the mountains and colder portions of North America and Europe. Its body is heavy and about six feet long, covered with dark brown, woolly fur. It has but little tail.

It feeds chiefly on roots and berries, but is also fond of ants, and has a perfect passion for honey.

In summer when food is abundant, it gets very fat. It lays up a stock of provisions for winter. It hunts out an old hollow tree or cavern, making a rude nest of branches and moss within. It then goes in and settles down to sleep all winter. In the spring it comes from its hiding place thin and weak.

The black bear is distinguished from the common brown bear by its black fur and slender snout. The black bear rarely exceeds five feet in length.

Berries of various kinds are its favorite food, but when these are not to be found it lives upon roots, insects, fish, eggs and such birds or quadrupeds as it can surprise.

The grizzly bear lives in the Rocky Mountains. It is the most savage member of the whole bear family. Its size and strength, its immense teeth and claws, render it a terrible enemy to the bravest hunter. It kills by squeezing its victims to death

with its powerful limbs. When young it can climb trees.

The Polar bear is the largest and best known of the whole bear family. It is very fierce. It can easily be told from other bears because of its light creamy color, its short ears and long neck. It is found only in the very cold countries, and the heavy coat of fur which God has given it, prepares it for the great cold of the Northern country. Seals are its chief food. It will watch one for half a day sometimes without succeeding in catching it.

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## THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time three bears lived in a house in the woods. The first was the great papa bear, called Bruin, from his thick, shaggy coat; the second was a middle-sized bear, called Mrs. Bruin; the third was baby bear or Tiny. They were good bears and never hurt anyone.

They took a walk one morning in the forest and left their porridge to cool in their bowls on the table.

A little girl named Goldilocks was looking for wild flowers in the forest near the home of the three bears. On smelling the hot porridge and seeing the door of the bears' house open she went in. She had had a long walk, so was hungry. She went into the dining room. She saw the three bowls of porridge on the table. Three chairs were near the table.

There was a huge bowl and a huge chair, a middle-sized bowl and a middle-sized chair, and a very tiny bowl and a very tiny chair.

She tasted the porridge in the huge bowl. That was too hot. Then she tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl. That was too cold. Next she tasted the porridge in the very tiny bowl. That was just right. So she ate all of it.

She was tired and wished to rest, so she climbed up in the huge chair. The cushions in it were too hard. She climbed in the middle-sized chair. The cushions in it were too soft. She sat in the very tiny chair. The cushions in it were just right. She liked it very much, and sat in it till the bottom fell out.

She saw a stairway to a nice, cool room. She went up. There was a huge bed. She lay down on it. But she found the pillows too hard. She lay down on the middle-sized bed. But the pillows were too soft. Then she lay on the very tiny bed. It was just right. She lay in it till she fell fast asleep.

When the three bears thought they had given their porridge time to cool, they returned home to eat it.

Bruin looked at his bowl and grumbled in a very gruff voice, "Who has been tasting my porridge?"

Mrs. Bruin looked at her bowl and said in a middle-sized voice, "Who has been tasting my porridge?"

Tiny, on seeing his empty bowl, squeaked in a very shrill voice, "Who has been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up?"

Bruin looked around the room. He saw that his chair had been sat in. He roared, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

Mrs. Bruin called out, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

Tiny looked at his bottomless chair and piped out, "Who has been sitting in my chair and broken the bottom out?"

The bears went up stairs.

When Bruin saw how tumbled his bed was, he roared, "Who has been lying in my bed?"

Mrs. Bruin called out, "Who has been lying in my bed, and crushed the pillows?"

When Tiny saw Goldilocks in his tiny bed fast asleep he shrieked, "Oh, here is a little girl in my bed fast asleep!"

The other bears ran to Tiny's bed. Sure enough, there lay Goldilocks. Tiny bent over to kiss her. Just then she awoke.

She was so frightened when she saw the three bears, that she jumped out of the open window near the bed. She ran home as fast as she could, and never again saw the three bears.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruin straightened the beds, mended Tiny's chair and shared their porridge with him.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

I see the brown bear

I see the black bear.

I see the grizzly bear.

I see the Polar bear.

I see the brown, black, grizzly,  
and Polar bears.

Bears are very clumsy.

They are fat in summer.

They sleep all winter.

Their fat keeps them from starv-  
ing in winter.

When winter is over they are  
very thin.

Little Goldilocks went to the home  
of the three bears.

She ate baby bear's porridge.

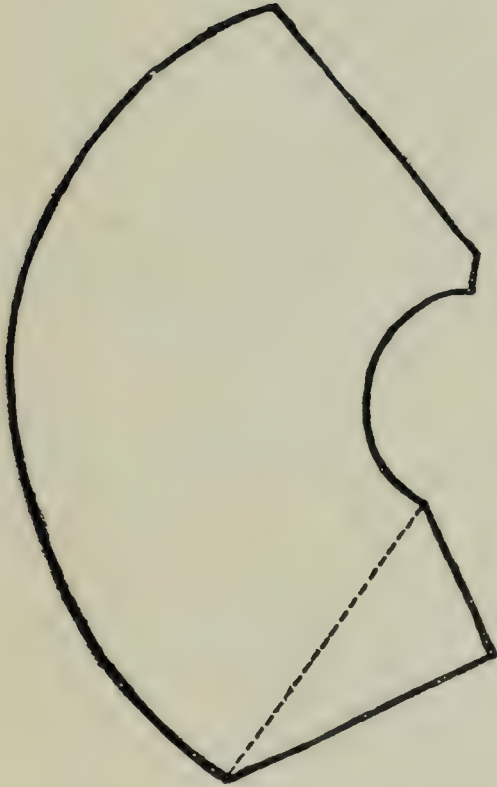
She broke baby bear's chair.

She went to sleep in baby bear's bed.

The three bears found her there.

Then she ran home.

## THE WIGWAM



Cut from brown wrapping paper.

Fold on dotted line.

Paste the two edges of wigwam together near top. Set three small sticks or twigs inside, with the upper ends projecting through hole in top of wigwam.

Before pasting, the wigwam may be decorated in various Indian designs with colored pencils or wax crayons.

An Indian village made on the sand table with these wigwams is very attractive.

## THE INDIANS

Many years ago when Columbus and his men came to this country, the Indians were the only people here.

Indians are called the red race on account of the reddish or copper color of their skins. They are lighter colored at the time of birth.

Indians have long, coarse, black hair. One half

of an Indian warrior's hair is shaved off. The women are the barbers, who with two sharp shells scrape away the hair in any way desired.

These queer, sober faced people have straight noses, black eyes and very high cheek bones.

They are moved to anger quickly, and are so resentful that they seldom forget an injury.

In earlier times they kindled their fires by rubbing a dry, pointed stick in a hole made in a small piece of soft wood until it took fire. They put this to leaves, splinters, or other dry things that would burn quickly.

Our forefathers made treaties with the Indians, and in this way got much of their land. Then there were wars and the Indians were driven westward by the whites.

Of all the vast domain once owned by the Indians, the country they have left is not more than half as large as the state of Texas. Most of this land is in the west, and the greater part among the Rocky mountains.

Indian children when quite young are taught to fish, hunt and paddle canoes. They love their canoes and feel perfectly at home on the water.

Many Indians live in wigwams or tents. Others have very queer houses built of stone or sun-dried brick. They are built one on top of the other in great terraces or steps. They are entered by means of ladders.

There are many different tribes of Indians with

varied customs and languages. There are more than sixty different Indian languages spoken in the United States. Some tribes communicate by signs.

The richest Indians are the Navajos. They have thousands of horses and hundreds of thousands of sheep.

Their homes are little round huts made of poles, covered with earth. There are holes in the top for chimneys.

The blankets made by the Navajo squaws are very beautiful. They are woven by hand and sell for as much as a hundred dollars apiece.

More than fifty years ago Congress set aside the Indian territory for the Indians. It has much fine farming land.

There are many civilized Indians, while there are many more who prefer their lazy habits and do not care to become industrious as the white people are.

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## STORY OF HIAWATHA

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy. He lived in a wigwam with his grandmother, Nokomis.

The wigwam stood by the shore of Gitche Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water. Behind the wigwam was the dark forest of pines and firs.

When Hiawatha was a pappoose, Nokomis rocked him in his cradle. This little cradle was safe and strong. It was made of the linden-tree and bedded with moss and rushes to make it soft.

When Hiawatha grew larger he left his cradle

to sit in front of the wigwam with Nokomis. He saw the stars and the fireflies and heard the whispering of the trees in the forest and the lapping of the water on the shore. The birds, rabbits, beavers and squirrels of the forest were all Hiawatha's friends.

Old Iagoo who was a great warrior came often to the wigwam of Nokomis. He told Nokomis and Hiawatha many wonderful stories.

He made Hiawatha a bow.

He said, "I will make you a bow, my little hunter."

The bow was made from the branch of the ash tree.

The cord was made of deer-skin. The arrows were made from the oak-bough. They were winged with feathers and tipped with flint. He made a quiver for them.

Hiawatha went into the forest to hunt. He would not kill his friends, the birds, squirrels, beavers and rabbits. He killed a famous roebuck.

Hiawatha took the red deer straightway to the wigwam of his grandmother.

Nokomis and Iagoo made a banquet in honor of Hiawatha.

All the warriors, all the women and children of the village were invited.

They all praised Hiawatha and called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha. They called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee.

## HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

“Then the little Hiawatha  
Learned of every bird its language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How they built their nests in summer,  
Where they hid themselves in winter,  
Talked with them whene’er he met them,  
Called them ‘Hiawatha’s chickens.’ ”

“Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene’er he met them,  
Called them ‘Hiawatha’s Brothers.’ ”

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## HIAWATHA'S LEARNING

“Out of childhood into manhood  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
In all manly arts and labors.

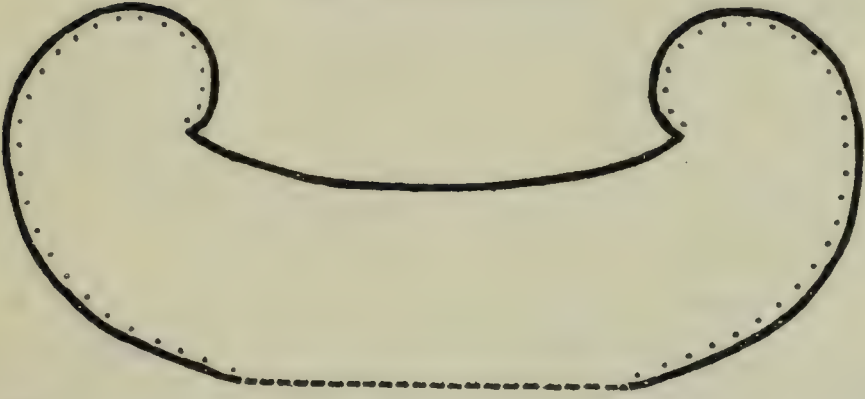
"Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him!  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

"He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin;  
When he bound them round his ankles,  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured!"

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In connection with the preceding verses it is well for the teacher to read to first grade pupils parts III., V., VI., VII., of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. These all appeal to little children. Other parts that may be used advantageously with children above the first grade are as follows: "*Hiawatha's Wooing*," "*Picture-Writing*," "*Pau-Puk-Keewis*," "*Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis*," and "*The Famine*."

## THE CANOE



The Canoe is to be cut double, first folding paper on the dotted line for the bottom. Prick and sew the ends over and over as indicated by dots on pattern. Spread the body of the Canoe by a short piece of cardboard or wood to make the seat.

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## HIAWATHA'S CANOE

Hiawatha wished a light canoe that would float upon the water like the yellow water-lily.

So he walked into the forest and found a birch tree.

He said, "Summer is almost here, birch tree, give me your bark that I may make me a canoe."

The birch tree gave all its yellow bark to him.

He then went to the cedar and said, "O cedar! give me your strong boughs, so that I may make a strong and light canoe." When the cedar gave him its strong boughs, he bent them like two bows and fastened them together.

To the larch-tree he next went and said, "I wish to fasten my canoe together and make it very strong.

I would like to have your roots, O larch-tree, to do it with." All the roots were given to him.

Then he took the bark of the birch-tree and bent it over the strong cedar boughs, and with the tough roots of the larch-tree he fastened them together.

He needed resin to close the seams of the canoe and keep out the water. He asked the fir tree for this, and it gave him all he needed.

From the hedgehog he got all the quills he asked for. He colored these quills red and blue and yellow. He made two stars and a girdle for his beautiful canoe.

So this is how Hiawatha's canoe was built. All the magic of the forest was in it.

In lightness it resembled the birch-tree, in strength the strong boughs of the cedar, and in toughness the roots of the larch-tree.

Upon the water it floated like a yellow water-lily.

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## MONDAMIN, THE INDIAN CORN

Once in the Moon of Leaves the Indians were nearly starving. The warriors would go into the forest every day and come back without buffalo or deer. The squaws would look all day for berries but could not find any.

Hiawatha saw that his hungry people would soon all die if something were not done.

So he went into the forest and prayed to the Great Spirit to help him, and to bring the hungry people something to eat.

He prayed and fasted four days. Just at sunset of the fourth day he saw a beautiful stranger coming through the forest straight to his wigwam.

Hiawatha was lying in his wigwam on a bed of branches.

This stranger was tall and beautiful. His coat was a bright, fresh green, and his hair was in yellow curls upon his forehead.

This stranger was named Mondamin.

He said to Hiawatha, "I am the Indians' friend, and the Great Spirit has sent me to help you. Rise up from your bed and wrestle with me."

They wrestled three days. Hiawatha grew stronger and stronger all the while, but Mondamin grew weaker and weaker. At last all of his strength was gone and he fell to the ground dead.

Just before he died he told Hiawatha that, when he had killed him, he must make a bed for him in the earth where the sun would shine upon him.

So Hiawatha did as Mondamin asked him, and sat near to watch.

In a few days two green plumes came up and then another. They grew up tall, straight and beautiful like Mondamin himself.

A tuft of yellow was at the top, and silver hair grew and glistened in the bright sunshine.

It was Mondamin, the Indian corn. It was to be the Indians' food for always.

Hiawatha prepared a great feast, and called all the people together to thank the Great Spirit for sending Mondamin to them.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

When Columbus came to this country he found the Indians here.

Indians live in tents or wigwams.

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy.

Hiawatha lived in a wigwam.

A large forest of pines and firs was back of the wigwam.

Hiawatha killed a red deer.

The great spirit sent Mondamin to the people.

## NOVEMBER

### OUR LITTLE FISH



Cut several fish from cardboard.

Children enjoy playing they are real fish. Put small hole at the mouth and tie on strings. Little problems, such as  $2 \times 3$ ,  $4 + 2$ ,  $6 - 3$ , etc., are written on the fish. These are placed in a box. The children pull them out one by one and answer the problem on the fish they catch. When

the correct answer is given by the pupil his fish is caught. Otherwise it gets away and is caught by some one else. Have children try to see who can catch the most fish.

Draw the fish from pattern on writing paper and write these lines by the side of it:

"Little fishes in the brook,  
Papa caught them with a hook."

---

### ABOUT FISHES

Fishes have scales because they need a smooth covering so that they may get along easily in the water.

The scales lap one upon another, thus making a firm coat of mail and one that does not hinder the bending motions of the fish.

The scales are covered with an oily slime, and this helps the fish to glide along swiftly. It is this that makes the fish so slippery that it is difficult to hold it in its struggles when first taken out of the water.

Fishes' lungs are not like our lungs. The gills of fishes are their lungs.

It seems strange that, living in the water as they do, they breathe air, but they really do. There is a great deal of air always mixed up with water, and the gills of a fish are so made that the air in the water can change the blood in them. The fish takes water into its mouth, and lets it run out through the gills, and so the air that is mixed with the water changes the blood in them.

Air alone does the fish no good. It must be mixed with water to be of use to him. So we may say that fishes drown in the air, just as animals drown in the water.

Fishes swim chiefly with their tails.

What the wings are to a bird in the air, the tail is to a fish in the water.

The fins are the balancers, while the tail works the fish forward by its quick movements to one side and then to the other.

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## THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

A fisherman and his wife lived in a dirty little hut close by the sea. They were very poor. The man spent the greater part of his time in his boat fishing.

Some days he would catch no fish at all, but other days more fish than they could eat. Then he would sell them.

One day as he sat in his boat fishing, he felt a hard pull at his line. When he drew it in a fine, large fish was fast on the hook.

"Please put me back. I am not a real fish, but a prince that has been bewitched. Please put me back and let me go," said the fish.

The fisherman put him back into the water at once, not caring to eat a fish that could talk.

As the fish sank out of sight in the water a long streak of blood was left behind him.

When the fisherman got home and told his wife about catching this fish that could talk, but that he threw it back into the sea, his wife said, "Did you ask it for anything?"

"No," said the fisherman, "could a fish give me anything?"

"Certainly it could," said his wife, "have you never heard the song,

" 'Ask anything of a talking fish,  
And he will give you what you wish'."

"But what do you wish?" asked the fisherman.

"Get into your boat and go call the fish, and say that we want a neat little cottage with three rooms, and a vine climbing over the door," said his wife.

The man did not like to go back at all; but his wife kept talking and talking till at last he got into his boat and rowed away.

When he came to the place where he had caught the fish, the sea was green and dark, and not bright

and clear as it had been before. He stood up in his boat and sang:—

“Once a prince, but now a fish,  
Come and listen to my wish.  
Come! for my wife, Nancy Bell,  
Wishes what I fear to tell.”

All at once the fish stuck his head up out of the water and said, “Well, what is it you want?”

“I don’t want anything,” said the man; “but my wife wants a neat cottage with three rooms, and a vine climbing up over the door.”

“Go home,” said the fish, “she shall have it.”

When he got home he found his wife sitting on a bench in front of a neat little cottage, with a beautiful flowering vine climbing up over the door and to the very eaves.

She took him by the hand into the pretty sitting room and a cozy bedroom, and then into the clean kitchen where there was everything anyone could wish. Outside was a yard with chickens and ducks running about, and a little garden full of good things to eat.

“Isn’t this nice?” said the wife.

“Yes,” said the man, “and we will live here and be happy all our lives.”

“We’ll think about it,” said his wife.

All went well for three or four weeks. Then the woman began to find fault with things.

This little cottage became too small to suit her. She wanted to be a fine lady and live in a great stone

castle. So she told her husband to go ask the fish for it.

He did not wish to go, and said, "This cottage surely is good enough for us." His wife kept on talking until she persuaded him to go and ask the fish to give her what she wanted.

He went to the sea and said the little verse as before. When the fish stuck his head up out of the water, the man said, "I like the cottage best, but my wife wants to live in a great stone castle."

"A great stone castle it is," said the fish. "Go home. She is standing at the door waiting for you."

When the fisherman reached home, his wife took him by the hand and showed him all through the broad hall and up and down the marble stairs. There were many fine rooms. Gold was on tables and chairs. Many servants were standing around to wait on the fisherman and his wife.

This castle had both inside and out all that the finest castles have. It was splendid enough to make the woman happy always, but when her husband said, "We will live here always and be happy," she said, "I don't know, we'll think about it."

All went well for sometime and the woman seemed perfectly happy, but one night she woke her husband up and compelled him to go ask the fish to make her king of all the surrounding land.

The fisherman did not want to go, and said, "It is not right! It is not right! We have all now that one could wish, and should be satisfied."

But the woman gave him no peace till he went.

The fish granted this wish, too. When the fisherman returned to where the great stone castle had stood, he found a much larger and handsomer one. Sentinels were at the gates and soldiers were marching back and forth. Inside the castle everything was of silver and gold.

The fisherman found his wife sitting on a beautiful throne with a crown upon her head. Many fine ladies and gentlemen stood around her.

He thought that certainly his wife would be satisfied now.

When he talked to her about it she said, "No, indeed, I am not satisfied yet."

She lay awake that night in her fine bed thinking and thinking of what she could ask for next.

When the bright red sun shone into her window early the next morning she thought, "Ha! how I should like to be the master of the sun."

She shook her husband very hard to wake him. She said, "Go tell the fish I want to be master of the sun. I want to make it rise when I choose, and set when I choose and stand still when I choose."

"Oh, wife," said the fisherman, all in a tremble, "do you want to be a god?"

"That's just what I want," she said, "so be quick and tell the fish."

Her husband begged her to let well enough alone, and to be satisfied to be king.

This made her very angry and she pushed him with her foot, and screamed and carried on at a dreadful rate.

When the fisherman reached the sea, the sky was black as ink. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed and the wind blew terribly.

He shouted the little verse as on the first occasion as loud as he could.

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish.

"She wants—she wants to be the master of the sun," said the man in a whisper.

"She wants to be a god, does she?" said the fish.

"Ah, yes! That is what she wants to be," said the man.

"Go home, then" said the fish. "You will find her in the poor little dirty hut by the sea."

And there the fisherman and his wife are living to this day.

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## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

I caught this fish in the river.

Fish are good to eat.

Fishes are covered with scales.

The gills are the fishes' lungs.

Fishes use their tails and fins in swimming.

The fisherman caught a talking fish.

It was once a prince.

It gave a pretty cottage to the fisherman's wife.

It gave her castles and made her king.

She was not satisfied.

She wanted to be master of the sun.

The fish took all away from her.

She had to live in her hut always after that.

## NOVEMBER

### JACK O' LANTERN



Trace on tablet paper or white cardboard. Trace, punch and sew. Color eyes, nose and mouth brown. Color lantern yellow, and stem green, then touch lightly with brown.

For a Halloween transparency trace the pattern on a sheet of cardboard one or more times. Cut out the pumpkin form, leaving the cardboard sheet otherwise whole. Paste thin

yellow paper over these holes, and when dry cut out the eyes, etc., and draw in the rib lines of the pumpkin with wax crayon or water color. If the cardboard be hung in the window where the light will shine through the yellow paper the effect is very pleasing.

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### THE MAGIC VINE

A fairy seed I planted,  
So dry and white and old;  
There sprang a vine enchanted  
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,  
And truly, by and by  
It bore a Jack o' lantern  
And a great Thanksgiving pie. —Selected.

## MAKING THE JACK O' LANTERN

The jolly Jack o' Lantern man,  
I'm going to make him if I can.

To scalp him really isn't fair,  
But then I think he doesn't care.

He has a rather seedy head;  
I'll put a candle in instead.

And when its glow lights up each feature,  
He'll be a most light-headed creature!

I'll cut a slit now for a nose,  
These holes, for eyes will do, I s'pose.

His mouth will suit me to a pin,  
If I can only make it grin.

He isn't handsome, yet to-night  
You will admit his eyes are bright.

And though he may not have much grace,  
He has a very shining face.

An animated countenance—  
Why, you could tell that at a glance!

And now, I think that I am through;  
To-night, perhaps, we'll visit you. —Selected.

## THE PUMPKIN

The pumpkin is the color of an orange. It grew from a flower that was orange color, too. When the flowers fell off, the pumpkins grew in their place.

Pumpkins have many white seeds. The seeds have plant food in them. When the seeds are planted and grow, this food nourishes the baby plant until its roots and leaves are heavy and strong enough to take its food from the earth and air.

Gourds, melons, squashes, citrons and cucumbers are so much like the pumpkin that we might call them cousins.

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## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Ever since the year following the landing of the Pilgrims we have been observing Thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims' first summer here was so dry that it seemed as if their crops would perish for want of rain.

So the Pilgrims appointed a day to be spent in fasting and prayer. For nine hours they besought God to help them.

The Indians heard that the white men were praying to God for rain, so they were anxiously watching the sky.

When finally the sky became overclouded and a gentle rain began to fall, they remarked in awestruck tones that the God of the white men had heard their prayers. For ten days God sent down the refreshing rain to the parched earth. The Pilgrims knew that God had granted their prayer, and that there would be a plentiful harvest.

When this plentiful harvest of 1621 was garnered, Governor Bradford of Massachusetts said, "God be praised! Let us appoint a day of solemn service of thanks to God, who hath poured out upon us, his chosen people, such a rich blessing."

Great preparations were made for this feast. "Gunners" were sent into the woods for wild turkeys. The women were busy in the kitchens cooking all kinds of good things.

Massasoit, the great Sachem of the friendly Indian tribe, and many of his men were invited to the feast. The Indians killed five deer and gave them to the whites. The feast lasted three days.

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#### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON.

Here is a yellow pumpkin.

Once it was a flower.

Pumpkins are good to eat.

Cows like pumpkins.

I like pumpkin pie.

The Pilgrims had the first Thanksgiving.

They had pumpkin pie at the feast.

They had five deer at the feast.

The feast lasted three days.

## THANKSGIVING

Ah, on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and  
from West,  
From North and from South, come Pilgrim and  
guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round  
his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-worn man sees his mother once  
more,  
When the worn matron smiles where the girl  
smiled before,  
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye,  
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-  
pie!

—Whittier.

## DECEMBER

"It is the blessed Christmas-tide  
When wranglings should be set aside,  
Let Peace alone, Love and Good-will  
Steal with light footsteps o'er our sill."

---

### THE CHRISTMAS STAR



Cut from gilt and silver paper, also, from yellow wrapping paper.

Paste on ribbon and use as book mark. Paste three or four on cardboard. Write Christmas verse on it and use as Christmas card.

A pretty transparency may be made in the same manner as the Halloween transparency, using stars instead of pumpkins, and grouping the stars tastefully.

Have pupils memorize the following: "And lo! the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was."

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### MEMORY VERSE

"Far away on Christmas night,  
A star above the Christ shone bright,  
And led the shepherds from afar  
To seek that bright and glorious star."-Eugene Field.

"What means that star?" the shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels, answering, overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men."-Lowell.

## THE STAR IN THE EAST

Far away in an eastern land, learned men had been studying the heavens.

It was believed that a new star would appear in the heavens to show that a great deliverer was born unto the Jews.

When the wise men saw this star they followed its course. They traveled by night until they reached the land of Palestine.

They went at once to Jerusalem, the capital, thinking to find the great deliverer in one of the fine palaces. They thought of course to find a prince in a palace, and did not search elsewhere.

But they did not find him, and no one could tell them anything about him.

Herod was then ruler of the Jews. When he heard that the wise men were asking about another king, he was much troubled. He told the wise men to find the king and come back and tell him. He pretended he wished to worship him also. But an angel warned the men not to do so, for Herod did not want to worship the Christ child, but to destroy him.

The wise men, seeing the star in the east once more, left Jerusalem and followed it.

This large, bright star in the heavens moved on before them and guided them all the way.

At last the star stopped over the inn at Bethlehem. The wise men saw the light in the manger, and knew that they had found the King. There on the hay lay a little baby fast asleep.

The wise men fell down and worshiped him and said, "We have found the King." They then gave their gifts of precious gold and ointment, and journeyed home to the East.

This was the first Christmas, and this child was indeed the Christ.

### A CHRISTMAS STORY

One wild, stormy Christmas eve, the snow fell fast and the wind blew cold. Few people were out of doors; all preferred to sit inside before the bright fires.

But a poor little boy, who had no home, was moving along in all this cold and snow outside.

His clothes were ragged, his shoes were torn and his hat was full of holes. His little face was pinched and his hands and feet blue from the cold.

He passed by the windows of a large, handsome house. How beautiful and bright all was within.

This little ragged boy looked in and said, "What a bright fire they have. Perhaps they will let me in to warm myself."

He rang the bell. The man who opened the door said, "Away with you! We want no beggars here." Away went the poor child.

On he went to another handsome home, where the lights from the windows shone out bright and clear. "Oh, here they will surely take me in," he said. But here, too, he was driven from the door.

He wandered from house to house, and at last came to a small cottage and saw a little light in the window.

He knocked on the door, and the woman who opened it said, "You poor little boy! Come in and get warm." She sat down before the fire with the little boy on her lap. She rubbed his stiff, cold hands. She gave him hot milk to drink and nice bread to eat. She put a warm coat around him.

"You are so good to me," he said, "I was cold, and ye clothed me; I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. Peace be unto you forever more." At this the room was filled with a glorious light, and when it had died out the little boy was gone. On the woman's lap where the little boy had sat, lay a bunch of white peace lilies.

"I have indeed been blessed to-night," said the woman, "it was the Christ Child."

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### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Do you see the stars in the sky?

They twinkle, twinkle all the night.

God placed a large bright star in the East.

It led the wise men to the manger.

The Christ child was in the manger.

The wise men worshipped him.

They gave him gifts.

This was the first Christmas.

## SANTA CLAUS



On the lengthwise fold of white paper place dotted line side of Santa Claus. Trace with force so that impression will be made on second sheet. Unfold and cut the double figure. For the cover of book, color the suit and cap red, with colored pencils or water colors. Cut six or more pages of book out of white paper from the pattern, and fasten all with ribbon at fold or dotted line.

Give such words as the following to be learned and written in the book: toys, brings, drum, sled, cap, skates, doll, blocks, etc.

Write sentences containing words relating to Christmas in the little book.

Paste a Santa Claus on a sheet of composition paper and have children write a story or copy sentences about Santa Claus on it.

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## CHRISTMAS QUESTIONS

“How old is Santa Claus? Where does he keep?  
And why does he come when I am asleep?  
His hair is so white in the pictures I know,  
Guess he stands on his head all the time in the snow.  
But if he does that, then why don't he catch cold?  
He must be as much as,—most twenty years old.  
I'd just like to see him once stand on his head,  
And dive down the chimney as grandmother said.  
Why don't his head get all covered with black?  
And if he comes head first, how can he get back?”

Mamma knows about it, but she won't tell me.  
I shall keep awake Christmas eve, then I can see.  
I have teased her to tell me, but mamma, she won't,  
So I'll find out myself, now, see if I don't."

—Wolstean Dixey.

### SANTA CLAUS—Here and Elsewhere

The term Santa Claus is a corruption of the words Saint Nicholas. The Santa Claus myth originated in Holland, from which country we copied the custom of having him visit us on Christmas Eve.

St. Nicholas was a patron saint who showed his love for children by presenting them with gifts. St. Nicholas Eve, December 5th, the little Dutch children prepare for the visit of St. Nicholas. They place their freshly scrubbed wooden shoes on tables or near the fire-places. They put hay and oats in these shoes for St. Nicholas' white horse. In the morning they find instead of hay and oats in their shoes, toys and sweetmeats.

In Austria we find Kris Kringle, who leaves the presents at the door.

In Italy they believe that the good fairy "La Benfano," an old woman, brings presents as a reward to the good people.

In Norway, Kristine brings the gifts, and in many places candles are left burning in the window to give her light.

In France the children are sent to bed with the promise that "le petit Noel," the Christmas Child, will bring them a present while they sleep.

In Russia we find "Old Babousca." The story is told here, that when the three wise men of the East, started out to follow the star that led to the Christ Child, they stopped at Dame Babousca's hut and asked her to show them the way to Bethlehem.

As the night was very cold, the old woman refused to do what they asked. After they had gone she was sorry that she had not gone with them, so she filled a basket with toys and goodies and started out to find them. She said, "I will find the wise men, and together we will search for the Christ Child and lay these gifts at His feet." She searched every year, but could never find the wise men nor the Child. So when the Russian children find their Christmas presents, they exclaim, "Old Babousca has passed this way!"

In Germany the week before Christmas the Ruprecht visits the homes of children. He is a queer looking old man and carries on his back a huge bag of goodies and a bundle of sticks. He asks if the children have been good. If they have, he throws candies and nuts into the air, and the children scramble for them. But if they have been naughty, he pulls out a stick from his bundle for them.

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### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

I see jolly Santa Claus.

His suit and cap are red.

His eyes are blue. His hair is white.

Santa Claus drives eight reindeer.

He drives right on the top of the house.

He comes in the night when I am asleep.

I love Santa Claus.

He brings me toys and sweet-meats.

---

### CHRISTMAS STOCKING

"Laugh and be merry, girls and boys,  
Over your stockings full of toys!  
There is little in life holds half the joys  
Of Christmas Day in the morning."

---Youth's Companion.

"An empty stocking at Christmas time!  
There's nothing sadder in truth or rhyme.  
Then help to fill it with all your heart,  
Sure that you then, have done your part.  
There are heathen to teach and darkness to lighten,  
Burdens to lift, and lives to brighten.  
The Savior came, this work to do;  
To finish the task, is left for you.  
Do it with haste, do it with speed;  
Angels will smile as the story they read!"

—Selected.

## THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING



Cut two of colored paper for covers, using six of blank paper for pages. These are to be made during the week preceding Christmas. Used for writing problems in Arithmetic relating to Christmas, Christmas memory gems, spelling words and short sentences about Christmas and Christ. When made of bright colored flannels and fastened at top with baby ribbons, it makes a nice needle book for mother, or pen wiper for father. Cut several from colored wrapping paper, paste on cardboard, prick and sew.

Draw on blackboard or a large sheet of paper, in colored crayon, a picture of open fire-place and mantel. Let children cut stockings from paper of various colors and paste or pin them to the mantel.

## IN PLACE OF THE STOCKING

In Germany many weeks before Christmas the streets and squares of the cities look like forests, for thousands of Christmas trees are brought from Thuringia, where they are raised for the happy Christmas time.

Christmas eve is a merry time in Germany. Every

family, both rich and poor, has a Christmas tree. The strangers on the streets can all have a share in the trees. The curtains in every house are raised so that those outside may enjoy the Christmas trees with the children. Do you not think this a generous, kind custom?

As has been told before, the little Dutch children find their presents in their wooden shoes instead of their thick woolen stockings.

The French children find their presents on the two ends of the Christmas log.

The Russian children have Christmas trees and their gifts are placed on small tables.

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## THE BIRDS' FEAST

This is one of the beautiful customs in the far off countries of Norway and Sweden.

During the weeks preceding Christmas the children buy quantities of grain for the birds.

The birds' "Christmas stockings" are the fence posts and trees, for the children take great bunches of grain and place them on these for the birds to eat.

The birds sing their thanks to the children, who have been so kind to them.

What a nice custom this would be for the little folks in our own country!

These little children of Norway and Sweden also make a feast for the cattle, because the Christ Child was born in a manger, and for that reason all cattle should be treated with kindness.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

See my Christmas stocking.

I will hang it by the fire place.

Santa Claus will see it when he comes down the chimney.

I hope he will fill it to the top.

He will fill the little Dutch child's wooden shoe.

The fence posts and trees are the birds' Christmas stockings in Norway and Sweden.

We will fill their "stockings," too, on Christmas.

# JANUARY

## MR. ESKIMO



Cut the Eskimo from brown paper or from white paper and color brown. Make face of light brown paper and paste back of hole.

Cut out of wadding, putting in face as in the ones of paper. Use these for Eskimos when making Eskimo village.

To make Eskimo village use sand table after removing sand. The teacher's desk will answer same purpose. Upon floor of sand table or top of desk, spread a large piece of white wadding. On this sprinkle salt to represent the sparkle of snow.

To one side of village place a piece of light blue paper, over this put a piece of glass and build around this with cotton to form lake or other water.

To make the queer round-shaped houses, bend two strips of cardboard over in this form  $\Lambda$ , placing one across the other and cover all with wadding.

Sleds are made of cardboard or small boxes drawn by several small china dogs. Harness made of strips of black oilcloth or cambric.

Place two or three white china bears and reindeer about in different parts of the village.

These china dogs, bears and reindeer can be had at almost any novelty store at very little cost, but usually children can bring them from home.

Some of the Eskimos can be in sleds, some at doors of houses and others at the water busy seal catching.

To make all more attractive it is well to build the village in front of blackboard, upon which is made a sketch in white crayon of that far away land of ice and snow.

"By the North Pole dwells we know,  
Chilly little Eskimo;  
In the fields of ice alone,  
Stands his house of turf or stone,  
Sheet of ice for window pane;  
Would not you and I complain?"

—Selected.

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"Of what do you dream, little Eskimo,  
While fast asleep on your bed of snow?  
Is it of bears and wolves and things,  
Of animals wild, which your father brings  
From over the land and over the sea,  
That fed and clothed his baby may be?  
Do you dream of these, little Eskimo,  
While fast asleep on your bed of snow?"

—Selected.

---

## HOW THE ESKIMOS LIVE

The word Eskimo means eater of raw flesh. This peculiar people is found only in Greenland and the northern part of North America.

The Eskimos dress in the skins of animals. They live in huts and tents.

In winter their food is the flesh of animals. They sometimes eat oil made from the fat of the seal, the whale or the walrus.

In summer they catch birds and fishes. The women and children hunt birds' eggs. They also eat berries and small plants.

## THE ESKIMO'S HOUSE

The Eskimo calls his house an Igloo. The Igloo has three rooms that are round in shape. The outer room is used for a hallway to keep away the cold. The second room is where the dogs are kept. The third room is the real house. It is larger than the other rooms. In it you find the beds and lamps. The beds are shelves running around the room. These shelves are made of ice and are covered with soft skins to make them warm enough to sleep on. These shelves are also used for tables and seats. The lamp is used for cooking the food and heating the room. Whale oil or other fat is burned in it.

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## TOOLOOAH

Toolooah is a little Eskimo boy. He has lived in the cold northland all his life.

He does not mind the cold, for he is used to it. His mother has made him nice warm clothes to wear.

She made his clothes of reindeer skins. He wears two suits of clothes—an inner and an outer suit. The inner suit is made so that the hair is inside, and the outer suit has the hair outside. His stockings are made of reindeer skin, and his shoes are made of sealskin.

When Toolooah was a little baby he did not wear any clothes. He was carried in a big fur hood on his mother's back. When he was one year old, his mother made him his first clothes out of the soft skins of baby reindeer.

Toolooah, his father, his mother and his brothers and sisters all sleep in bags made of fur, with the furry side in.

Toolooah has a sled made of ice, for there is very little wood where he lives.

He will coast down the hill on this sled and have his dog pull him up again. Toolooah likes to put his head on his knees and then catch hold of his ankles and tumble down the hill in the snow. He looks like a big ball of fur.

Toolooah has a bow and arrows to play with. The bow is made of whalebone.

He likes to go hunting with his father. His father hitches twelve dogs to the sled and then speaks to them and they will go wherever he wishes.

Toolooah and his father hunt the reindeer, seals, polar bears and walruses. When they go hunting, they take a harpoon and a lance with them. The lance is a spear. It is made of wood and has a long, sharp point made of ivory. The harpoon is to catch the animals with. It is made of wood, too, and has a point of ivory or bone.

Toolooah and his father go fishing. The fish hooks are made of bones and have three sharp points. They use a sealskin fish line.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Here is a little Eskimo boy.

He lives in the land of ice and snow.

He likes this cold land.

His mother makes him warm fur clothes.

He has an ice sled.

He goes hunting with his father.

He takes a harpoon with him.

He takes a lance with him.

He likes to go fishing, too.

He has a bone fish hook.

He has a sealskin fish line.

## THE SNOW MAN



Cut from white paper and mount on strawboard or other dark colored board.

Color flag with crayon or water color.

Snow may be indicated by using white crayon on the colored board at the feet of the snow man.

Circles of white paper may also be cut to represent snow balls, and pasted on the cardboard.

## THE SNOW MAN

One day we built a snow man,  
We made him out of snow;  
You'd ought to see how fine he was—  
All white from top to toe!

We poured some water on him,  
And froze him, legs and ears;  
And when we went indoors to bed,  
I said he'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind  
Of wind began to blow,  
And winter cried and ran away,  
And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went  
To bid our friend good-day,  
There wasn't any snow man there;—  
Everything'd runned away!  
—St. Nicholas.

Roll your ball of snow, children,  
Roll your ball of snow;  
The more you roll your snowball up  
The bigger it will grow.  
Roll a kind thought round, children,  
Roll it all around,  
Until it gathers all kind thoughts  
That loving hearts have found.  
—Selected.

---

## SNOW

The moisture that falls from the clouds, frozen in flakes, is called snow. It consists of exquisitely formed crystals which are generally in the shape of a six pointed star.

Children are delighted in examining the varied crystals in the large flakes of snow.

Snow is rarely found within the limits of 30° north and 30° south latitude. It is naturally more abundant as the poles are approached. It is more abundant inland than near any large body of water.

Paris has, on an average, twelve snowy days in the year; St. Petersburg, one hundred and seventy.

At the equator, upon all heights greater than about three miles above the sea-level, snow is perpetual.

Snow protects the earth and the crops planted in late autumn from the intense cold and the injurious effects of frost.

The vast quantities of snow that fall on the great mountain ranges, serve as perpetual feeders of the rivers. It has been estimated that the average annual snowfall on the Alps amounts to sixty feet, which is equivalent to six feet of water.

Large quantities of snow melt and flow through the river-courses to the sea. Other portions, although much smaller, descend the mountain slopes into the valleys as avalanches and glaciers.

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## HOW TO MAKE SNOW-FLAKES

Take a piece of ice and make an excavation on one side shaped something like a small pumpkin.

On a very cold day let this ice stay outside until it becomes so cold that a wet piece of cloth or paper will freeze against it immediately.

Moisten a piece of paper with warm water and keep it warm, and then wrap quickly around this piece of ice with the hand held against the paper over the cavity.

When the paper has been torn away we will find several beautiful snow-flakes in the bottom of the cavity in the block of ice.

The explanation of this is that the warm hand being held against the damp paper causes the moisture to evaporate, and the vapor is at once congealed into the feathery crystals by the intense cold of the ice.

## THE LITTLE SNOW-FLAKE

A tiny little water-drop was sparkling in the river. The great yellow sun was shining and smiling upon it. He wanted the bright little water-drop to come and play with him and said, "Little water drop, come and play with me. I will hold out my arms to help you." Then the sun sent out his great long arms of light and the little water-drop went up into the sky to join millions of other little drops to form big gray clouds.

So the clouds were full of water. After awhile they became so full they could hold it no longer.

The water started to run out, and if it had been summer the drops would have come to the ground in the form of rain, but it was a very cold winter day and when the clouds opened to send down rain frisky Jack Frost came along. He said, "Little water-drops, it is very cold on the earth, so I will give you something to keep you warm. I will give to each of you a hat and coat."

So he touched the little drops and they each got a little white hat and coat.

They started to fall to the earth below and while falling they had to pass through a very cold cloud, and instead of shrinking together as we do when cold, they stretched out and out until they were not round any more, but were long and thin and hard. They had turned to little ice needles.

They met other little ice needles on their way, too, to the earth to see what they could do there.

They were friendly little things, so six little ice needles joined hands and fell to the earth in the form of a six-pointed star and bearing the soft, white name of "Snow-flake."

"Little white feathers filling the air,  
Little white feathers, how came you there?"  
"We came from the cloud birds, sailing so high,  
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

---

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Snow is white.

It comes from the clouds.

Children make snow balls.

Children make snow men.

Snow visits us in the winter.

Six little ice needles make a snow  
flake.

A snow flake looks like a six-  
pointed star.

## FEBRUARY

### THINGS TO MAKE WITH HEARTS



Cut hearts from tinted paper or cardboard, paint a border of some flower around them.

Write in the center these words:

"Kind and dearest  
mother mine,  
Here is my heart for  
your valentine."

Mother can be changed to father, brother, sister, playmate, etc., as desired.

Cut out of colored blotting paper, tie

with baby ribbon, paste picture in center.

Outline on cardboard, prick around with hat pin and sew with colored yarn.

Cut a dozen or more from white tablet paper, with colored paper for covers, fasten with ribbon and use for writing spelling lessons or memory gems.

Cut two hearts of Bristol Board, cover one side of each with wadding, sachet powder and crepe paper. Sew the two together and finish with a bow of ribbon or crepe paper.

Make from colored flannels needle books and pen wipers.

Tell the children that Valentines are made heart-shaped because heart means love.

## A VALENTINE

"This little card so dainty  
So snowy white and fair,  
Brings peace and loving wishes  
For God's great love and care.  
This little gift so precious  
Is from a friend of thine,  
Who wishes thee great happiness  
And sends this valentine."

—American Primary Teacher.

## ST. VALENTINE

The fourteenth of February is St. Valentine's birthday.

St. Valentine was a bishop who was kind to everyone.

He tended them in sickness, fed and clothed the hungry, and shared the burdens of the suffering.

The children were always glad to see him, because he was kind to them.

When he became too old to visit the people, he sent them messages of love.

All of these people were not good. They worshiped wooden and brass images.

Valentine tried to teach them to pray to God, but he did not succeed.

They became so angry with him that they put him in chains and threw him into prison.

After many years these people came to believe in God and became sorry for what they had done to Valentine.

To show that they were sorry they called him St. Valentine and set aside the 14th of February as his birthday.

They kept his birthday every year by sending messages of love to their friends as Valentine had done to them.

They called these messages Valentines.

### MRS. CRABBE'S FIRST VALENTINE

Mrs. Crabbe was a very cross little old woman. She lived in an old black house on the road to school.

When her apples were ripe in the summer, she always stood in her door when it was time for the children to pass to and from school. She was afraid they might steal her apples. She always had a big stick in her hands, and would have whipped any child who tried to steal them.

One day when a little girl named Hetty and some of her schoolmates were passing by the house, they saw some little pink piggies in the yard.

Hetty climbed up on the fence to count them, and old Mrs. Crabbe rushed from the house and scolded her dreadfully.

So after that the children ran past the house as fast as they could go, all except Bob. He would walk very slowly to let them see that he was not afraid.

Once, on St. Valentine's day, he stopped right in front of the gate and asked, "How many valentines did you get to-day, Mrs. Crabbe?"

"Valentines! fiddlesticks!" snapped Mrs. Crabbe. "Never got one in my life."

The other children laughed, but Hetty did not. She felt very sorry for the old woman. She thought about it all the way home. If Mrs. Crabbe had never gotten a valentine in her life, that meant she had no friends nor any one to love her. No wonder she was cross.

Hetty was really a good little girl, and she wished Mrs. Crabbe might be happier, so she bought a sweet little valentine for her. She addressed it to Mrs. Clarissa Crabbe and put it in the postoffice—she was afraid to take it to the door of the old woman's house. I do not know what Mrs. Crabbe thought when she got the valentine, but I do know what she did the next day.

On that day when the children came along by her house on their way to school, she came out with something wrapped up in a napkin and called to the children, "Which of you young ones sent me a valentine yesterday?"

Poor little Hetty was frightened, her heart went thumpty-thump. She answered in a very small voice, "Me!"

"Then," said Mrs. Crabbe shortly, "Put that in your dinner pail."

And in the napkin Hetty found just the dearest little mince pie she had ever seen. It was full of raisins as big as your thumb, and a beautiful flower was cut in the top crust.

Little Hetty's valentine made Mrs. Crabbe a better and happier old woman.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Here is a Valentine for you.

It is heart shaped.

Heart means love.

A valentine is a message of love.

Valentine first sent these messages.

He did not call them valentines.

The people did that in honor of him.

Little Hetty sent Mrs. Crabbe a valentine.

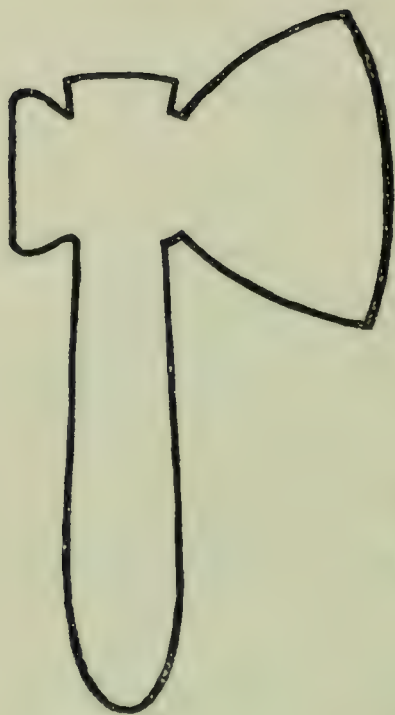
She had never gotten one before.

Hetty felt sorry for her.

Mrs. Crabbe gave Hetty a little pie.

It had big plums in it.

It had a pretty flower cut on the top crust.



## THE LITTLE HATCHET

Let pupils cut out paper hatchets and write the invitations to George Washington birthday entertainment on them. Tie bow of red and blue baby ribbons on handle. If the hatchet is white, a bunch of cherries can be drawn on the blade. If cut out of pretty colored cardboard they make appropriate souvenirs for the guests. Print "Welcome" on the handle. Cut hatchets from different colored papers, paste on cardboard.

Trace on cardboard, prick and sew.

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"To be as great as Washington  
We could not if we would,  
And so we have made up our minds  
To try to be as good."

---

## THE STORY OF A TRUTHFUL BOY

A great many years ago there was a little boy named George Washington.

He was a good and truthful boy. When he grew to be a man he was made the first president of the United States.

One day George's father brought his little boy a bright new hatchet. The blade was very sharp.

George thought his hatchet very nice indeed, and he wished to try it. He ran into his father's garden where there were many fruit trees. One of these was a young cherry tree of which Mr. Washington was quite proud.

When George saw this cherry tree, it looked so nice and tender, he thought he would try his bright new hatchet on it.

He began to chop. He chopped and chopped and chopped, until he chopped the cherry tree down.

Oh, what fine fun this little boy was having with his new hatchet.

Every evening Mr. Washington was in the habit of walking in his garden to see how his trees were growing.

When he came into the garden on that evening and saw his fine cherry tree chopped down, he was very sorry. He said, "Who chopped my cherry tree?"

George was frightened, but he knew it was right to tell the truth. So he said, "I chopped your cherry tree, father, with my bright new hatchet."

Mr. Washington did not punish George. He was glad to find him such a truthful little boy.

George was always truthful. He was truthful when he became a man.

He loved his country dearly.

All the people loved him.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON

On February 22, 1732, there was born at Bridge's Creek, Williams Co., Virginia, a baby boy who was to become famous throughout the world, and to be loved and honored throughout a great nation.

This little baby boy was George Washington. His father's name was Augustine and his mother's was Mary.

George was the oldest of six children. He lived in a queer little house. The roof was steep and sloped down into projecting eaves. There were four rooms on the ground floor and several in the attic. A great chimney was at each end of the house.

From his home George had a good view of the Potomac river, and could see across into Maryland.

George Washington was a strong, healthy child. He was fond of out door sports, especially military sports.

"Playing soldier" was his favorite game. He would arrange his playmates into two parties. He played that one party was the French army, the other one was the American. George always made himself leader of the American army. Even in play he was a true American.

His playmates liked him. He was so strong and brave that they were proud of him.

In his school days he was a pupil any teacher would be proud of. The copy books he used are preserved to this day. They show what a persevering

scholar he was. He wrote a great many "maxims" for the young.

When about fourteen years old he longed to go to sea. His mother did not wish him to do this. He loved his mother devotedly and when he found that it grieved his mother for him to leave her, he gave up his plans for a sailor's life and devoted himself to his home life and studies.

His father died when he was only ten years old. At sixteen he had to quit school.

After Mr. Washington's death the care of the six children fell entirely upon Mrs. Washington. She was a wise woman and brought her children up well. Her son, George, was often heard to say, "All I am I owe to my mother."

When George Washington grew to be a man, he married Mrs. Martha Custis. She had two children, Parke and Nellie Custis. Washington loved these children as well as if they had been his own.

He had a beautiful home at Mount Vernon, and the happiest and most peaceful years of his life were spent there with his family.

There was a great deal of land around his home. It was Washington's habit to ride over the fields every day on horse-back. One stormy day in December, 1799, he took his accustomed ride. He got very wet from the snow. He was taken sick with a cold, and on December 14th, 1799, when only sixty-seven years old, died.

At his death the whole country was in deepest sorrow.

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

George Washington's father gave him a bright new hatchet.

George wished to chop something with it.

He chopped down his father's cherry tree.

George Washington was a good and truthful boy.

He would not tell his father a falsehood.

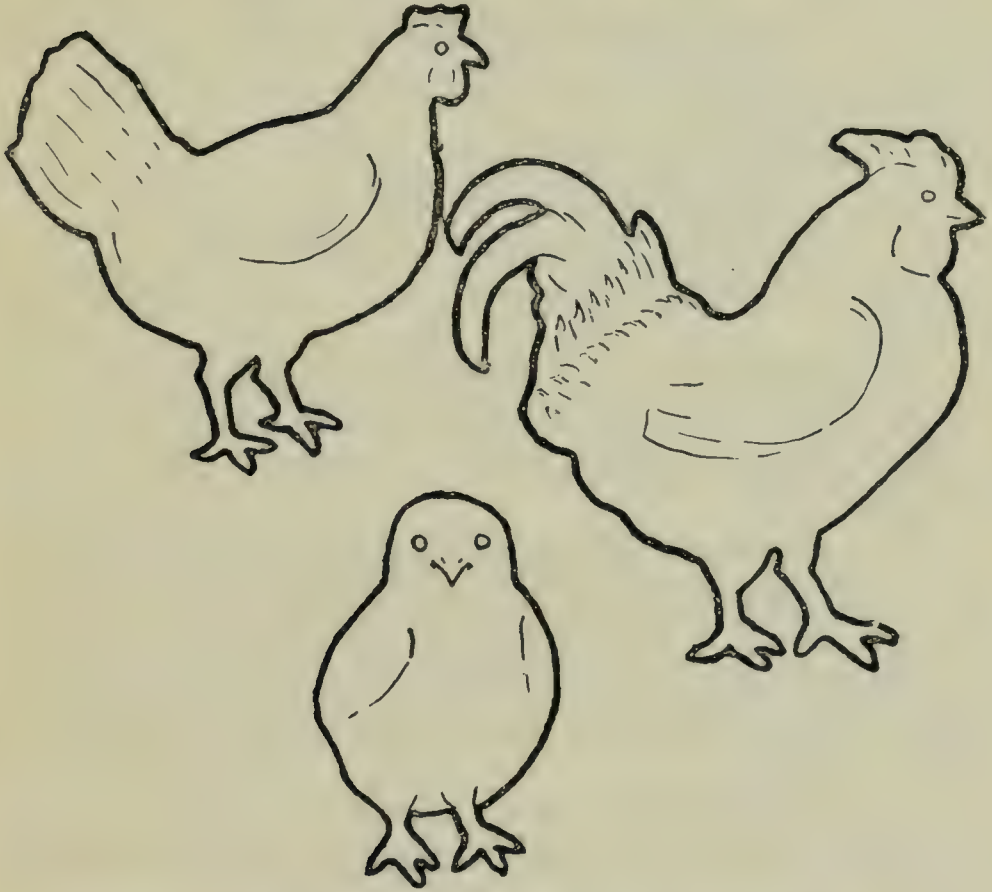
He was truthful when he grew to be a man.

He was the leader of the American army.

He was the first president of the United States.

We celebrate his birthay on the 22d of February.

MARCH  
"OUR CHICKEN FAMILY"



Cut from thin cardboard and color with crayons.

If each pupil can cut one of each, rooster, hen and chick, where there are a number of pupils in the grade, they will have enough fowls to start a nice little barn-yard.

Make this on the sand table, making coops with splints. Have them count splints used in each coop—this teaches numbers. They can play at selling and buying their fowls, using toy money for this purpose.

## SEVEN LITTLE CHICKS

Seven little chicks go  
Peep! peep! peep!  
Hunting where the grasses grow,  
Deep, deep, deep.

Then the mother hen calls,  
Cluck! cluck! cluck!  
Wishing every little chick  
Luck, luck, luck. —Selected.

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## ABOUT EGGS AND CHICKENS

In every good egg there is a little germ.

When this is kept warm for some time, it will begin to grow.

This grows and grows, and after being kept warm by the old mother hen for three weeks, there comes from the shell a well formed chick.

Do you know where the little chicken gets its food while in the shell growing from a little germ into a lively chick?

You think the yolk and white of an egg are meant for you to eat, but they are really for food and drink for the growing chick.

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## CHICKEN-LITTLE

One day Chicken-Little went into the woods. An acorn fell on her head. She thought the sky had fallen. She ran to see the king and tell him all about it.

Just as she started off she met Henny-Penny.

"Where are you going?" said Henny-Penny.

Chicken-Little answered, "The sky has fallen and I am going to tell the king."

"Then, I will go with you," said Henny-Penny.

As these two traveled on together they met Cocky-Locky. "Where are you going?" asked Cocky-Locky.

Chicken-Little and Henny-Penny answered, "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Cocky-Locky.

The three started off together and soon met on their way Ducky-Lucky.

"Where are you going?" asked Ducky-Lucky.

Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny and Cocky-Locky answered, "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Ducky-Lucky.

A little farther on they met Goosey-Loosey.

"Where are you going?" asked Goosey-Loosey.

Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky and Ducky-Lucky answered, "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Goosey-Loosey.

The next one met was Turkey-Lurkey and he said just as the ones before him, "Where are you going?"

Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky and Goosey-Loosey all answered together, "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

"I will go with you," said Turkey-Lurkey.

These five soon met Foxy-Loxy, and he asked as all the others had done, "Where are you going?"

Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, Goosey-Loosey and Turkey-Lurkey answered, "The sky has fallen and we are going to tell the king."

Foxy-Loxy said, "If you will come with me, I will show you the way."

So Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, Goosey-Loosey and Turkey-Lurkey all followed Foxy-Loxy.

This sly Foxy-Loxy led them down the road that went straight to his den, and they never came back again to tell the king that the sky had fallen.

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### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

This is father rooster.

This is mother hen.

This is baby chicken,

Father, mother and baby were all eggs once upon a time.

Father and mother are taking baby out for a walk.

He wants to see the big round world.

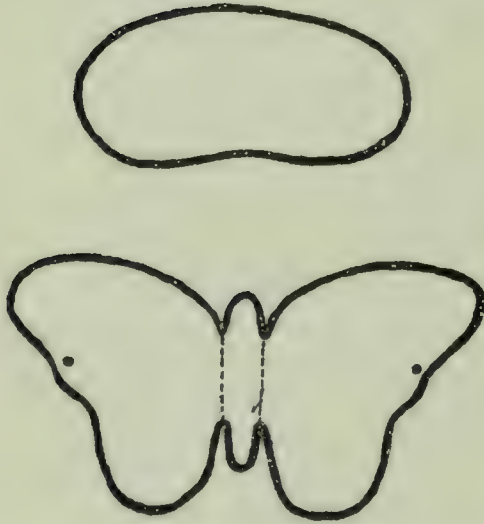
He thinks it very wonderful.

Father rooster says, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

Mother hen says, "Cluck, cluck!"

Baby chicken says, "Peep, peep!"

## COCOON AND BUTTERFLY



Cut the cocoon from brown wrapping paper.

In the fall have the children bring in cocoons. Keep them until spring and then let the children observe the butterflies as they leave the cocoons. The seat work and stories will then have a double interest for the class.

Cut the butterfly of yellow paper. Use colored pencils to make dots.

Bend the wings of the butterfly on the dotted line on each side of the body. Tie a

thread through each wing at the point marked with the dot and suspend the butterfly from strings stretched across open windows or a corner of the school room, so they will flutter with the breeze.

Fold up the wings and fasten body with a touch of paste to a sheet of drawing paper, to look like a real butterfly. Both butterfly and cocoon can be used in this way to illustrate little written papers about them.

---

Pretty yellow butterflies,  
Flitting in the sun,  
You have left your cocoon homes,  
Now, you'll have some fun.

## ABOUT BUTTERFLIES

At one time butterflies were only hairy, crawling caterpillars who could not get around any way except by creeping on the earth.

Then in some curious way each caterpillar made a chrysalis around himself like a coffin. He lay in it for weeks cold and stiff as a bit of iron, and as you would surely think dead.

Something inside made a hole in one end and a little head peeped out. Then came four limp, wet wings wrapped around a small living body.

Did the caterpillar come out of the chrysalis just as he went in?

Oh, no, he came out a butterfly.

While you were watching, he began to wave his wet wings to dry them, and soon you saw how beautiful they were.

Before long he sailed away on them as happy and swift as a bird.

—Primary School.

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## THE THREE BUTTERFLIES

Once upon a time a white, a yellow and a brown butterfly were caught out in a shower of rain.

They were far away from home and knew not what to do.

As they flew along they came to a white tulip. They called to her, "Please, white tulip, will you shelter us from the rain?"

The tulip answered, "The white butterfly's wings are the color of my house; only she can come in."

The white butterfly said, "No, where my friends cannot enter, I will not."

The three little friends cuddled close together and flew to the yellow tulip. They called to her, "Please, yellow tulip, will you shelter us from the rain?"

The tulip answered, "The yellow butterfly's wings are the color of my house; only she can come in."

The yellow butterfly said, "No, where my friends cannot enter, I will not."

Flying to the brown tulip, they called to her, "Please, brown tulip, will you shelter us from the rain?"

The tulip answered, "The brown butterfly's wings are the color of my house; only she can come in."

The brown butterfly said, "No, where my friends cannot enter, I will not."

An elm tree stood near and heard what the butterflies had said. She loved them for being so kind to one another. She did not wish them to suffer for standing by their friends.

She called to them, "Come to me, little friends. My house is big and my branches are wide. It will give shelter to all."

## MRS. CATERPILLAR

Mrs. Green Caterpillar was eating some nice white cabbage leaf. Mrs. White Butterfly came and laid some tiny eggs on the very same leaf. She said to Mrs. Caterpillar, "Please take care of my babies when they waken; I will have to fly away for awhile."

"My! my! I know nothing of caring for butterflies. I believe they eat honey, but I am not certain," exclaimed Mrs. Caterpillar.

She thought perhaps dog Rover could tell her what baby butterflies ate, so she asked him.

Rover said, "I think they would enjoy a good bone."

"They have no teeth," said Mrs. Caterpillar. "A bone would not do."

She thought that perhaps Tiny, the kitty would know, so she went and asked her.

Tiny said, "I think they would like a nice fat mouse."

"That will not do, they can not eat a mouse; I will ask Mrs. Lark, I think she can tell me," said Mrs. Caterpillar.

"I will find out for you," sang Mrs. Lark and flew away.

In a short while she came back, saying, "I have a wonderful secret to tell you. Those eggs will hatch into caterpillars and not into butterflies."

This secret surprised Mrs. Caterpillar, but Mrs. Lark continued her story: "Mrs. Butterfly laid her eggs on the cabbage leaf because she knew they would

hatch into caterpillars and would need the leaf for food. After the caterpillars have eaten enough they spin cocoon blankets, wrap themselves in them and go to sleep. In a few weeks they will waken and come out beautiful, white butterflies."

"I have another secret to tell you. Some day you, too, will be a beautiful, white butterfly." With this Mrs. Lark said good-bye to Mrs. Green Caterpillar, and flew away, singing as she went.

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### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Here is a cocoon.

It is the the caterpillar's cradle.

In the spring this pretty butterfly will come out.

Baby caterpillars eat cabbage leaves. After awhile they will get quite fat.

They will become tired and sleepy.

They will wrap themselves up in their little cradles.

Many days after they will come out pretty butterflies.

These butterflies will lay some eggs on the cabbage leaves.

## APRIL

### EGGS FOR EASTER TIME

Cut out several eggs from white cardboard, placing little problems on them. Hide these in different places about the room and let children hunt for them.

If a child can answer the problem on the egg he has found, he may keep it during the game; if he cannot answer he must give it to the one who can do so.

Cut the egg from colored paper and cardboard. Cut from white paper and cardboard and color with crayons. Fasten several together with ribbons and hang on the wall.

Put Easter seals on egg and write an appropriate verse below.

Place a white egg between two made of colored paper, tying them together at large end

with baby ribbons. An Easter verse like the following written on the inner egg and signed by the pupil makes a pretty little Easter card.

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“Thou renewest the face of the earth,  
Be glad and full of joy to-day;  
For all that sleep shall rise again  
To spend a long, glad Easter day.”

---

### THE EASTER EGG

We choose the egg to think about, to eat and to play with at Easter time because each little egg means a new life soon to be awakened. Easter is the time for the awakening of the new life in plants, trees,

grass and flowers, after the long winter. Just as it was when Christ awakened to a new life from the tomb many years ago on that glad Easter morn.

Easter means life. We find new life everywhere about us at this time.

Down by the brooks and out among the grasses, we find little frogs, turtles, snakes, fishes and insects coming out of their shells.

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## RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

When Mary Magdalene and the other women came early in the morning of the first day of the week to the tomb of Jesus, they saw an angel of the Lord sitting there.

The women had with them spices to annoint the body of Jesus, but they found the stone rolled back from the door, and the tomb empty.

The angel said to Mary and the others that the Lord was risen and had gone before them into Galilee. He told them, also, to give this message to the disciples.

On their way to tell the disciples, they met Jesus.

Jesus said, "All hail," and told them not to be afraid, but to go and deliver to the disciples the message that the angel had given them.

The women bowed down to Jesus' feet and worshipped Him.

When they told the disciples that Christ was risen, some of them would not believe.

Two of the disciples, Peter and John, went to the tomb to see if it were true. They found the tomb

empty save for the linen garments which lay there neatly folded.

They both entered the tomb, and then believed the message the woman had brought them.

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### BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

I have a fresh white egg.

I will color my egg red.

Then I will call it an Easter egg.

Easter means life.

Each little egg means new life.

Christ awakened from the tomb on Easter day.

Mary Magdalene and some others came to the tomb.

They brought spices with them.

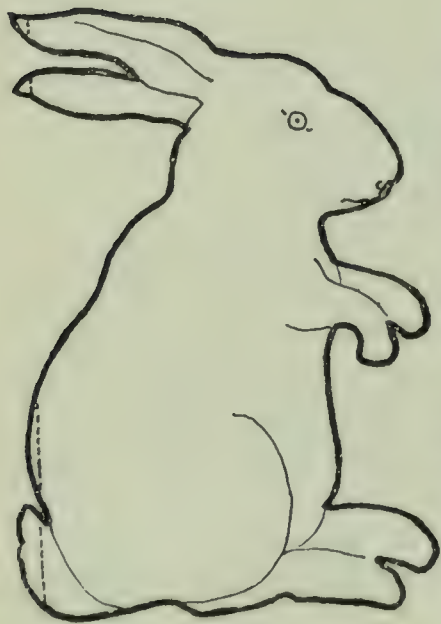
They wished to annoint the body of Christ.

Peter and John were disciples of Christ.

They entered the empty tomb.

They believed that Christ was risen.

## THE RABBIT



On the lengthwise fold of a sheet of tablet paper place dotted line side of rabbit. In tracing around pattern use unusual force, so that the impression may be made on second sheet. It can then be traced easily. Open the sheet of paper. Cut out rabbits, leaving them joined at fold or crease.

During the week preceding Easter have pupils cut six of these double rabbits and fasten at fold (dotted lines) with colored ribbons.

The front and back of book may be colored, the inside left plain to be used for writing spelling lessons which may consist of words naming parts of the rabbit, or words relating to the rabbit, as "long ears," "short tail," etc.

Needle books and pen wipers made in this shape from bright-colored flannels, make nice presents for parents.

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## THE EASTER RABBIT

A long time ago in a far off country there was a famine.

Listen and I will tell you how it happened.

In the early spring, when the first grass peeped out, the sun shone so hot that it all dried up.

Rains did not fall for many months. The seed and grain that were planted could not grow.

Plants, trees and everything turned from a fresh green to a dull gray brown.

When Fall came there was nothing to gather in and store away for the long cold winter.

The people had to be very saving and careful of the things they had saved the year before.

When Christmas came there were not many presents, but the children did not miss them as we would, because in that land they did not give many presents at Christmas. Easter Sunday was their holiday. On this day they had celebrations and presents and other nice things for the little folks.

When this Easter Sunday came around, the fathers and mothers were too poor to get these presents and goodies for the children, and knew not what to do.

They thought of all sorts of things, but none suited them, till one mother thought of coloring a great many eggs and hiding them in the grass of the churchyard and letting the children find them.

The other mothers of the village thought this was a fine idea. The whole week before Easter all of these kind mothers were very busy coloring pure white eggs bright pinks, blues and yellows. This was kept secret from the children.

When Easter Sunday came all the fathers and mothers and children, dressed in their best clothes, went to church.

When church was over, instead of going home the older people told the children to come with them

for a walk in the church yard and perhaps they would find some flowers.

Suddenly a shout went up. The children had found these beautiful eggs hidden in among the grasses. They were happy at finding them and wondered where they could have come from.

Just then, from near a large nest full of eggs, jumped a large white rabbit.

One little girl said, "It must have been the rabbit who laid the pretty eggs."

"I am sure it was the rabbit," said her brother.

"Hurrah for the rabbit! Hurrah for the Easter rabbit!" the children shouted and cheered. The fathers and mothers smiled and were glad, too.

Ever since, in that far-away land, and in many other countries, the Easter rabbit brings us our beautifully colored eggs.

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## THE STORY OF JACK RABBIT

A long, long time ago Jack Rabbit did not look anything like the rabbits we see these days.

Instead of long ears and the stump tail, he had very small ears, no larger than those of a cat, and a long bushy tail.

The fox, who was a neighbor of the Jack Rabbit, was quite jealous of him, for although the fox's tail is fine and bushy, Jack Rabbit's was much longer and handsomer. Jack knew this, and so, just to plague the fox, when he saw him coming he would swing his tail from right to left and up and down, and feel biggety big.

One morning the fox came along with a fine string of fish. Jack Rabbit liked fish better than anything else. He would have done most anything to have had some.

When the fox came up to where he was standing, he said, "Good morning, Brother Fox, where did you get those nice fish?"

"I caught them down at the mill pond," said the fox.

"How did you catch them, Brother Fox?" asked the rabbit.

"It is easy enough to do, Brother Rabbit. You do not even need a hook or line," said the fox.

The rabbit jumped all about, swinging his long bushy tail up and down very fast. He said, "Tell me quick all about it, Brother Fox, for I am 'most starving for fish."

"Well, this is all you'll have to do; go sit on the log that lies across the creek, and let your tail hang into the water from two hours after sundown till day-break, and at the end of that time you will have more fish than you can eat in a week."

That very night the rabbit wrapped a warm blanket around his shoulders, because it was a very cold winter night, and went down to the creek to fish. He sat upon the log and let his tail hang down into the water.

It grew colder and colder, still the rabbit would not leave, thinking of the fine mess of fish he would have in the morning.

When morning came the rabbit began to pull. He pulled and pulled, but his tail was frozen fast in the creek. He thought it was the weight of the fish he had caught that held his tail.

He pulled again and again, and harder each time. When he found that his tail would not come out of the water he became frightened and squealed, shouted and whistled as loud as he could for help.

A big owl that lived in a hollow tree heard him. The owl knew from the rabbit's cries that he was in trouble, so he thought he would go and get him and eat him for supper.

He flew away to the creek.

When the rabbit saw him he called out, "Mr. Owl, won't you please help me pull out the fish I have caught on my tail?"

"With pleasure," said the owl. He flew down and caught hold of the rabbit's left ear and pulled it so hard that it grew longer and longer. But he could not get the rabbit out of the creek.

He caught hold of the right ear and pulled and pulled, and all the time it grew longer and longer, but still the rabbit's tail stuck fast in the ice.

"Why don't you pull at my tail, Mr. Owl? You have pulled my ears to such a length that my best friends won't know me," said the rabbit.

The owl thought of a better plan. He put his hooked bill around the part of the tail that was outside of the ice, and "clip!" and off it snapped.

And that is how the rabbits came to have such long ears and bobtails.

BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

See my big Easter rabbit.

He has pink eyes.

His ears are long.

Once they were no longer than the cat's.

The old owl pulled the rabbit's ears out long.

The rabbit has a bobtail.

At first it was long and bushy.

The owl snapped it off.

See my pretty Easter eggs.

The rabbit brought them to me.

I love the Easter rabbit.

## FOR A RAINY DAY



Cut umbrellas from colored cardboard and paper. Cut from white paper and color with crayons. They can be used for souvenirs in an April entertainment. Draw on cardboard, punch and sew.

Addition, subtraction and multiplication problems are placed in the sections, and pupils give answers.

Paste umbrella on sheet of paper and write beside it the little Rainy Day Poem.

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### A RAINY DAY POEM

"Try to be cheerful,  
Never be fearful  
Or think that the sky will fall.  
Let the sky tumble,  
Fear not the rumble  
It never can hurt you at all."

(From Stickney's Third Reader.)

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### RAIN

The dark cloud which holds much moisture or vapor is named Nimbus.

When this moisture laden cloud meets a current of cold air, drops of water are formed and rain falls down.

It never rains in some parts of the world, but in other parts it rains for six months without ceasing.

It rains more in the little town of Cherrapunji, India, than in any other place in the world.

## THE RAINDROP

Once on a time there lived away up in Cloudland some little water drops.

Their home was one of the most beautiful white clouds that rolled over the blue sky. But by and by their cloud house seemed to get larger and larger, and darker and darker, and one tiny little water-drop whispered to the others in a frightened way, "What's the matter? Our house seems so dark, and it's getting large. Just look at all the new vapor coming into it! Why, you're getting bigger, too, and oh, dear, so am I. What can it all mean?"

Then the other little water-drop laughed so hard it rolled over and over and almost fell out of the cloud window. Then it answered, "Why, dear, we're gathering our forces together, and we're going to pour through the air and make the biggest splash you ever heard when we get down to the earth. Oh, it's the biggest fun!

"We fly through the air like fairies, and we can look down and see the people preparing for us. Some of them that are indoors run and shut down the windows.

"Then we fly at the window panes and make music on them; and sometimes we dash right into the house before they can get it shut tight, for you know there are millions and millions of us, so we divide the work. One little drop couldn't do very much all by himself. We always find a great many people out of doors. It is great fun to catch them. A great

many have forgotten their umbrellas, too, and that's the biggest fun of all.

"Often the wind goes with us. But I would rather he wouldn't for he makes us appear so rough. The only creatures that really seem to enjoy being out when we're coming are ducks. You know water rolls right off a duck's back."

"But tell me as fast as you can how we divide the work," said the first timid little water-drop. "It must be almost time to start, for this cloud is packed so full I'm sure not another one can get in."

"Oh!" said the other, "we go wherever we're sent—some of us fall right into the ocean and help push along great steamers—some of us fall into rivers and streams and help to cut away their banks, then move on to the ocean; some of us sink into the poor, parched earth and give it new life;—some of us refresh the flowers, and that is the very sweetest work of all."

Just then the signal was given that two clouds were meeting. A rush, a flash, a crash, and the water-drops were flying through the air,—some to do great deeds,—some to water the tiny little spring violets.

(Adapted from Primary School.)

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## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

Nimbus is the rain cloud.

It is dark and full of vapor.

I have a new umbrella.

It will keep the rain off from me.

Ducks are not afraid of rain.

The water rolls off their backs.

The little rain drops come pattering  
down from the sky.

They refresh the sweet flowers.

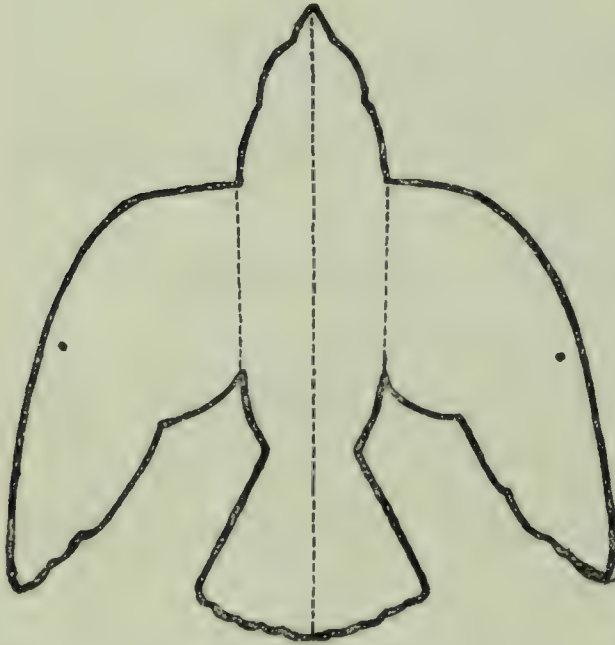
They help fill the ocean.

They sink into the parched earth and  
give it new life.

They say "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat," upon  
the window panes.

## MAY and JUNE

### FOLDING BIRD PATTERN



Cut from cardboard or heavy writing paper. Fold the bird double on the dotted line through center of body. Then fold wings upward on the dotted lines at sides of body. Suspend by threads tied at the points marked with dots on the two wings, to small branches placed about the schoolroom. These birds can be colored various colors with crayons to represent our different birds. Little problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division are placed upon the birds. The pupil who can

answer the most of these has shot the most birds.

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“Some little birds all flew from their nest,  
Flew North, flew South and East and West.  
They thought they would like a wider view,  
So they spread their wings and away they flew.”

---

### THE ORIGIN OF BIRDS

The Indians tell many strange and beautiful stories about birds.

They say that many, many years ago before birds were on earth, God touched the earth in the places

where He wished trees to appear and trees at once sprang up.

The leaves of these trees were a bright green all the summer and when fall came they changed to all sorts of bright colors, just as our trees do now.

The wind came. The leaves played and fluttered in the breeze and fell to the ground.

God loved the beautiful bright leaves. He did not wish them to die, but to live and brighten the world always.

So each bright leaf God changed into a bird, giving it wings and strength to fly.

The robins came from the red-brown leaves of the oak. The beautiful cardinal birds came from the red maple leaves. The yellow birds or canaries came from the yellow willow leaves. The sparrows and larks came from the brown leaves of many other trees.

This is why birds love trees and build their nests in and among their branches and leaves.

---

## THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

Birds fly very fast. They travel over mountains and across seas for thousands of miles before reaching their southern homes. This is the hardest work they have to do and when they get to the end of their journey they are very hungry and thin and tired.

Birds are helped by the wind in flying.

The wings of birds are not all of the same shape and size. Those that have great distances to travel

have very strong wings that are long and pointed, while those of the birds that seldom fly are short, round and feeble.

Some birds fly close to the earth, others very high in the air. Some go very quietly, others make a great deal of noise.

Some travel at night, some during the day.

The birds that fly by day are the blue-birds, crows, larks, swallows and wrens.

Those that fly by night are the owls, night hawks and whip-poor-wills.

The bobolinks, humming birds, swallows and wood thrushes go to a warmer climate as soon as the first cold weather comes.

The blue-birds and sparrows stay until snow comes.

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## THE CRANE EXPRESS

Once upon a time six, fat, fluffy, friendly little birds sat in a row on the seashore.

One of these little birds said to his friends, "Fat and fluffy friends, let us go over to America. I have been told that the worms there walk into one's mouth as soon as it opens, and besides that these worms have a most splendid flavor."

"Fluffy, fat friend, we would gladly go to America, but how can we get there? We are too small and our wings are too short and feeble for us to fly so far. We would fall into the great big sea and be drowned," said the other little birds.

"That is true," said the first. "Let us wait here and perhaps some one will come along and carry us over."

So they all waited, sitting in a row on the sand. They did not have to wait long before they saw a big fish come swimming by. They were very glad to see him and called out, "Big fish, will you carry us to America?" "I'll carry you to the bottom of the sea, just like this," and with that the fish folded his fins and darted down deep into the water.

"Dear, dear," said the little birds, "what a narrow escape we have made. We must wait a little longer."

Soon a very good natured sheep came walking by. The little birds asked, "Good sheep, will you carry us over to America?"

The sheep answered, "I can't, I never swim and cannot fly. You will have to wait and get the cranes to carry you across."

"Who are the cranes?" asked the little birds.

"They are very big birds that have long bills, longer necks and legs that are longer yet. These cranes cross to America once every year and carry many little birds like you with them. I am surprised that you have never seen them," said the sheep.

"We are very young birds and have seen very little of the world. We thank you for telling us about the cranes, and we will wait for them," said the fat and fluffy friends.

In a few minutes they heard a rushing sound

overhead and on looking up saw a flock of large birds flying low over the beach. On their backs were many little birds all chirping and twittering together.

To the first one of the flock that flew swiftly by, the birds called, "Big cranes, will you carry us over to America?"

"I am full," cried the crane, "but the fourth one behind me has room for you. You must not waste any time, though, but get on his back quickly."

When the fourth crane came flying by the six little birds were so excited they could scarcely stand straight, but with a hop, skip and a jump they were soon on his back with many more little birds, all on their way to America.

"Are you all right?" said the crane. "Hold on tight," and away he went flying over the big blue sea.

"Twitter! chirp! twit, twit!" piped all the little birds, as they were swept on and on toward the white shore of America.

Now, a part of this story perhaps is true, for cranes do carry hundreds of small birds over to America every year.

But about worms walking into birds' mouths, I would not believe until I saw it.

---

## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

The bluebird is sitting out in the big apple tree.

He is singing to you and to me.

All of us love the birds.

Sometimes bad boys rob birds' nests.

I would not do that, would you?

Six little birds wanted to go to  
America.

They were too little to fly across the  
ocean.

The fish would not take them.

The sheep could not take them.

The crane took them across.

## "GOOD LUCK" CLOVER



Cut out of white paper and color green.  
Cut out of green wrapping paper.

These leaves can be joined by putting a touch of paste to stem and fastening it on third leaf. This will make a clover leaf chain. They can be fastened above blackboards in different places on the walls of the room. Children can count the leaves and use them for number work. If one "Good Luck" clover has four leaves, two "Good Luck" clovers will have two times four leaves or eight leaves. This can be continued as the multiplication table is learned.

---

"What we call Luck  
Is simply Pluck,  
And doing things over and over;  
Courage and will,  
Perseverance and skill,—  
Are the four leaves of Luck's clover."

---

## THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

"Three leaves of course, I'm bound to have,"  
The little clover said,  
"They're all I'm set to do, but still  
I think I'll go ahead  
And grow another if I can,  
An extra leaf to show  
That I am trying, with my might  
To live, and work and grow."

So while the other clovers stayed  
Content with leaflets three,  
Their braver brother added on  
A fourth, for all to see.  
“How foolish!” cried the other ones,  
“Why do an extra task?  
Three leaves are all the world expects,  
And all that it can ask!”  
But lo! men hailed the extra leaf  
And grasped its meaning, too,  
For now the four-leaved clover stands  
For luck—a symbol true,  
Since 'tis the added, willing work,  
The extra bit of pluck  
That conquers all the best of life  
And brings the worker luck.

—Youth's Companion.

## THE CLOVER BLOSSOM

The clover blossom is round. It is called a head. This head is made up of many little flowers. It blooms all summer.

Bees and butterflies like clover. There are red and white clover. Air, sunshine and rain give food to the clover.

The clover leaves gather food from the air and it is stored up in the stems and roots. When these decay they make the soil rich in food for other crops. Clover is very useful to the farmer. It is good food for his cattle and horses and makes the soil that has been worn out by many crops rich and productive again.

## HOW THE BEE HELPED A WISE KING

Many years ago lived a great and wise King whose name was Solomon. He was said to be the wisest man that ever lived. Even now when we want to praise some one who has great knowledge, we say, "He is as wise as Solomon."

King Solomon had studied the trees and flowers. He had learned all about animals, birds and fishes, and it is said that he could even talk with them in their own languages.

From far and near came other wise men to learn from King Solomon, and many of them tried to puzzle him. They would ask him the hardest questions they could think of, but King Solomon was always able to answer them, and in the wisest way. So the fame of his great wisdom spread to the very corners of the earth.

Even the beautiful Queen of Sheba, who lived many leagues away over land and sea, heard of this learned King and his wise sayings. But she was herself a woman of much learning for those times, and it displeased her to hear Solomon's wisdom praised more highly than her own. So she said, "I will go to this wise King, and will test his wisdom for myself."

So she picked a bunch of beautiful clover blossoms. Then she sent for her most clever workman and ordered him to make for her a most perfect copy of them in wax. When they were finished, the wax flowers were so like the real ones that even the Queen could not tell the one from the other.

Then she journeyed to the court of King Solomon, where she was received with the royal courtesy due to her rank. In due time she placed before King Solomon the two bunches of flowers, saying, "Great is the fame of thy learning, O most wise King. Now, that I may tell my people of thy wisdom, choose for me between these blossoms those which are Nature's handiwork."

King Solomon looked closely at the blossoms, and for a moment was puzzled to tell the false from the real. But as he studied them, a bee came buzzing through the room. "Ah," said he, "here is one of my friends, who will help me to decide." So he called to the bee in that gentle language which only they two understood. The bee circled for a moment about one bunch and then about the other. Then she settled down upon one of them, and began to draw the honey from the depths of the flowers.

"O King," said the Queen of Sheba, bowing, "thou art truly wise. Thou hast shown that the wisdom which is greatest may yet be the simplest."

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## BLACKBOARD READING LESSON

I have found a four leaved clover.  
I will save it. It will bring me luck.  
Bees and butterflies like clover.  
Cows like clover, too.

King Solomon was very wise.

The queen of Sheba brought him two bunches of clover.

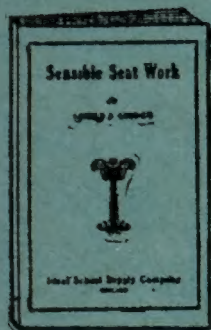
One bunch was real clover, the other bunch was wax.

The queen asked King Solomon to tell which was real clover.

He called the bee to help him tell.

# TEACHERS HELPS

## SENSIBLE SEAT WORK



By Lincoln P. Goodhue, author of Simple Construction in Paper and Cardboard.

Here is a book, every page of which is filled with new and helpful suggestions. Many teachers know a few exercises or ways in which to use seat-work material; this book contains a real treasury of ideas for the use of material to be made by the teacher or pupil and hundreds of suggestions for using the regular seatwork supplies which a teacher may buy.

The book shows how to use simple materials in an interesting and instructive way in connection with every primary study. There are pages devoted to the holidays and to each month of the school year.

The many illustrations show in detail some of the exercises suggested and make the work both

simple and helpful.

Well printed on a good grade paper, bound in stiff paper covers, illustrated with over fifty drawings.

## ACTIVE GAMES FOR SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND



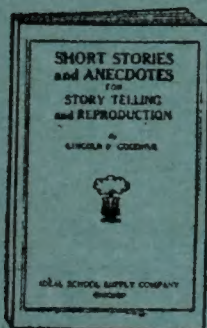
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This new collection of games will prove of great value to every teacher seeking new and interesting games for both schoolroom and playground. These games have been so grouped that the teacher will find it easy to select a great variety for any purpose. There are games for all grades.

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Ten familiar flowers sketched in outline from nature by Bess Bruce Cleaveland. The directions for coloring are simple and any pupil may produce good results. Advanced pupils may make very fine studies with these interesting outlines. The set contains: Tulip, Morning Glory, Wild Rose, Hollyhock, Chrysanthemum, Pansy, Black Eyed Susan, Nasturtium, Sweet Pea, Poppy.

Printed on a good grade of drawing paper, 6x9 inches, 10 drawings in each set, in an envelope.

## BIRDS TO COLOR

Ten commonly known birds have been drawn from nature by Miss Cleaveland for this set and show the birds in characteristic poses. The coloring can be easily done, as full directions are furnished with each set. The set contains: The Robin, Blue Jay, Oriole, Kingfisher, Meadowlark, Cardinal, Tanager, Goldfinch, Blue Bird, Redstart.

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Ten very interesting studies in outline drawn from nature by Bess Bruce Cleaveland. The variety of subjects is sufficient to give very practical work in painting and will interest the beginners, or they may be made into attractive art studies by the advanced pupils.

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